

THE BELL RINGER

Montgomery Bell Academy

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Nashville, TN 37205

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1998: HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

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32 Years of Service Come to an End

Alleen Garriott Leaves the MBA Community

by A.J. Byrd

Last December, when the school let out for the winter break, MBA ended one of its longest-standing relationships: Mrs. Alleen Garriott retired, leaving Jennifer Howell to take her place. Having come to the school in 1966, Mrs. Garriott has held her position as assistant to the headmaster through five separate administrations. She retired on December 19.

Mrs. Garriott has seen it all. From Mr. Carter's being led off in handcuffs by the fire marshal to Dr. Paschall's tragic announcement of his pancreatic cancer, there is hardly a single event in MBA's recent history that she hasn't witnessed. Almost every graduate remembers her — my own father, my boss Butch Smith, and most of the faculty that graduated from MBA — Mr. Regen, Mr. Klausner, etc. When asked, she even remembers them as well. She's been working behind her desk in the main office longer than most of us have been alive — a good number of teachers included.

Mrs. Garriott's personality is one of her most valuable attributes. As Mr. Gioia pointed out in assembly, a good number of us know her as "Mrs. G," showing the

relaxed yet respectful attitude most of us hold towards her. If anyone ever has a problem, Mrs. G is the one whom we're all pointed toward. If you're locked out of a room, she's got the key. If you need to find someone, she can tell you where to look. She performs these jobs happily, along with her more usual duties of answering the phone, writing memos, and generally maintaining sanity in the Main Office. Mrs. Garriott can even be found here on the weekends — I've come in many a time to see her in the office, keeping the school in one piece for us to come into on Monday. She also does her job with a characteristic style all her own; Mr. Gioia has compared her, in his assembly speech, to Ian Fleming's Ms. Moneybags (of James Bond fame).

Mrs. G, you've done a wonderful job over the years. I'm sure I speak for everyone when I say I'm sorry to see you go. Good luck in the hazards and pitfalls of retired life, and we hope you'll stay in touch.

And Mrs. Howell, I'm afraid you've been left with some mighty big shoes to fill.



Mrs. Alleen Garriott

From the desk of Brad Gioia

When all of us grow up, we should aspire to be like Mrs. Alleen Garriott. She has never lost her sense of youthful passion and enthusiasm. No chore, experience, or endeavor has ever become beneath her. She embraces every day as an opportunity. What Mrs. G has managed to do so well is live well and joyously. Whether the challenge is her role as the Spaghetti Supper Honorary Chairman (when she pranced around the campus smiling that fall afternoon in her homemade "Queen for the Day" crown) or her job to answer the phone, type a memo, settle a difficult situation (her spirit grows with the size of the job), or she manages Grand Central Station at MBA, Mrs. G never fails us. In fact, she gives all of us more heart, spirit, and perseverance. For those gifts and for your love and commitment and dedication to this great institution of Montgomery Bell Academy, we salute you, Mrs. G.

Bradford Gioia, from his comments delivered in MBA's December 10 assembly

St. Vincent's Needs Our Help

By Preston Bottomy

Recent budget cuts and a significant decline in enrollment are not the only problems facing St. Vincent de Paul's elementary school in downtown Nashville. They are lacking the resources to run optimally, and many classes have been combined to save money. The all-black parochial school is desperately in need of computers (any model, any age), a fax machine, VCRs and televisions, printers, modems, copiers, office supplies, science laboratory equipment, overhead projectors, and art materials. They are even short on such necessities as doors, eraser boards, bathroom fixtures, lamps, maps, chairs, carpets, and books.

The wonderful kids there are excited, energetic, and eager to learn. They have a spirit that won't fade and a smile that can capture any heart. But these are "at risk" students, who live mostly in single-parent households or with non-parental guardians.

"Combine that difficulty with economic stress, the

lure of the street, and all other trappings which fall on the heels of poverty, and you find students in dire need of a support structure which can insulate and protect them, until they are able to fly on their own," writes Steve Hammond, St. Vincent's interim principal who has volunteered to help save the school from this plight.

"...without the development of new friends and resources it will be forced to close."

"All is predicated on the belief that St. Vincent de Paul School is making a profound and unique contribution to the quality of life in Nashville and more specifically, the African American community, and that without the development of new friends and resources it will be forced to close."

This is where MBA enters the picture. The school needs simple equipment to continue running. If you have any of the items listed above, please contact Grant Dickson or Preston Bottomy; if not, you can still join us weekly to tutor these appreciative students. Even a prayer will help, so please keep St. Vincent's in your thoughts.

Model United Nations

by Bryan Sturdevant and Nima Rouhanifard

On November 8th and 9th, 31 MBA students competed in the Annual Tennessee YMCA Model United Nations. The conference was the largest in its history. Among the highlights was Wilson VomDick's wearing a kilt and writing an extraordinary article, "What's Under That Kilt?" A few of the countries represented by MBA were Germany, Mongolia, Liechtenstein, and Bhutan. Other MBA students also participated in the press, International Court of Justices (ICJ), and the UN Security Council. Bhutan, represented by MBA's Pymon Rouhanifard, Andrew Eckstein, Richard Bodzy, and

Rob Weigel, was ranked first on the General Assembly's docket after subcommittee and committee. Bhutan's proposal passed with a vote 84 for, 50 against, with seventeen abstaining. Germany also was ranked 22nd on the docket but was unable to present their proposal due to time constraints. Jonathan Tam, however, was voted best Justice in the International Court and was elected President of the ICJ for next year's Model United Nations. Everyone had a great time, and MBA, although inexperienced, enjoyed much success and hopes to improve next year.

MBA Introduces the International Club

By Brandon Scheeler

Since its first announcement in an October assembly, many MBA students have been wondering exactly what the MBA International Club is all about. The International Club is the product of the German Club I started in early September and the Asian Club, which was proposed by Jonathan Tam. Because of our common goal to promote international cultural awareness and interest at MBA, we formed a unified International Club. The sponsor of the original German Club, Mrs. Porter has continued to be the sponsor for the International Club, while other teachers like Mr. Spiegel and Mr. Jemison have also expressed their interest in the International Club. At the first meeting in early November there were approximately thirty students, and there are around twenty students at each weekly Wednesday meeting. At the second, third, and fourth meet-

ings we watched two international movies, a classic Hong Kong action film and a short British claymation comedy, and we added international flavor with snacks like Chinese almond cookies and German butter cookies. The fifth meeting, however, was the most exciting as Mr. Spiegel, aided by souvenirs and photos, related the tale of his years serving with the Peace Corps in Ecuador. There he helped start the agricultural programs for young Ecuadorians and also exchanged culture and custom with the locals. Dr. Griffith plans to give a presentation on his recent journey to Japan as well. Although we have not yet learned "how to pick up international women," as Jonathan Tam promised in assembly, the International Club is just getting started, and we look forward to future presentations.

News Briefs

Totomoi Inductions

This fall's new inductees into the Totomoi Honorary Society were Preston Bottomy, Yasunori Hashimura, Rob Humbricht, John Ozier, and John B. Thomson, added to the current members, Mark Burish, Grant Dickson, Sam O'Connell, and Michael Stahl. Congratulations to the new members of Totomoi.

Sports Banquet

The Fall Sports Banquet was held on December 11 at the Vanderbilt University Club. Letters, jackets, blankets, and plaques were awarded to lettermen in golf, cross-country, and football.

Cross Country Wins State

This November, MBA's varsity cross-country team competed in the state championship meet at Percy Warner Park's Steeplechase grounds. MBA took first place at the meet, winning the state championship. Congratulations!

Misprint in Last Issue

The staff of *The Bell Ringer* would like to extend their apologies to John B. Thomson, who was overlooked in last issue's News Briefs. John was honored as a National Merit Semifinalist - you can stop beating up Gabe now, John.

Thoughts on the College Essay

by Publius Se.

Another opinion on how to get into college.

"Bang! Always the way to begin an essay. Grab the attention of the reader and hold it as tightly as possible in your sweaty grasp. Always use sensory details to entice the reader. Force him or her to feel the tingling warmth of the autumn sun on your skin, force them to touch the cold rusted bars of your third grade bicycle, and most importantly force a now captive audience to visualize the unexpectedly empty lunch box that represents the most touching loss of your young life."

I can't help but think there is another path to a successful personal essay which does not require the reliving of a now dusty and forgotten childhood mem-

ory. The proliferation of doodling and open-eye napping that occurred in our college-prep would seem to indicate that my classmates also don't feel particularly compelled to tell their college admissions officers just how upset they were at the death of a favorite pet or beloved family member. My own frustration kept me wide awake and I probed my own mind for a memory suitable to recount on paper, an incident in my past which encapsulates my finest qualities and illustrates my growth and development.

Yuck. We all have such memories, and just like a family vacation, no one wants to see the slides from anyone else's childhood, good

or bad. On top of that, all these stories end the same way: "...And after all that, I learned that it really is important not to take candy from strangers. Oh, and that truth, justice, and the American way really do triumph." Holden Caulfield had a good word for this sort of writing: Phony.

The dilemma that plagued me all morning as I dredged the bowels of my experience was a realization that no matter what memory I choose, no incident from my past can reflect the person I have become at present, the person actually struggling with this key-

board. Why should I look to my past when I spend every day planning and preparing for my future? I am tempted to corrupt my essay and spring into a description of how I have always been a forward-focused individual, to construct a realistic portrayal of my front yard where my little brother and I used to play in ragged overalls in a pit of mud building dirty little houses and then turning the hose on them in a mock flood. "Even then I desired to be an architect." Hardly. I was only interested in playing with water and mud, two very fascinating

things to a kid for no other reason than their inherently wet and dirty nature. My passion for grime should not admit me to college any more than the coincidence that I lost a few parkies to a cold winter when I was ten.

What a college essay should express is the applicant's personal voice, how competently he or she writes, and the effectiveness with which the subject at hand is treated. Touching family remembrances are less useful for me in the crafting of an effective essay than an electric heater in the Caribbean or a fan at Middlebury, and it would please me greatly if my college advisors would leave my inner child alone.

What a college essay should express is the applicant's personal voice...

Make Your Thoughts Heard!

The Bell Ringer encourages you to send your articles, opinions, and letters in for publication. Have an opinion on something? Want to make it heard? Here's how. Hand your article or letter to John Thomison, A.J. Byrd, or Preston Bottomy, or else type it and send it to ringer@montgomerybell.com. We can grant anonymity on request - we won't print your name if you don't want us to. Keep those articles coming!

The Bell Ringer

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Micael-Renee

LIFESTYLE PORTRAITURE

460-7879

IN THE MALL AT GREEN HILLS

Slick Willy's

CAR OF THE MONTH

Author's Note: Before you read this article, I would like to point out that we have added two new sections. The first is "How many times have you gotten in a wreck". The second is the "History of the car" section. I would also like to thank my council of advisors: Jonathan Baird, Bob Cato, and Adam Mazzoni.

Owner: Kevin Weldon, senior class

Pseudonyms: Big Red, Old Bessie

Color: Faded red

Official Color: Red

Age: 22

Number of Owners: Three- Kevin's brother, Kevin's sister, and Kevin

Maximum Speed: Speedometer says 150 mph, but the fastest it has gone is only 100. Kevin is afraid the top would blow off and the car will explode if he goes any faster.

Number of Times Pulled Over: Never!

***New* Number of Wrecks:** Never been wrecked by Kevin, but it has been driven through a building.

The Good: She's spacious, comfortable, and ready to go (except in the wintertime). It also gets free parking — Kevin's dad.

The Bad: She's a gas hog, and she's cold-hearted in the winter.

Ranking of 1 being the worst and 10 being the highest:

Acceleration: 1-45mph in about 6 seconds even though she shakes. I give it a 5!

Mack-ability: Pretty darn good! Chicks love to ride in it. The white leather and spacious back seat are a plus. It's definitely an 8.

Stereo: With Marvin Gaye pumpin' it's bad! It has four speakers, two of which Kevin installed himself. Kevin says they are one step up from the factory. Kevin also claims that Electronic Express stole his first stereo. This category is a 5.

Back Seat Sleep-ability: My full length 5 foot, 8 inch body can fully extend itself with a pillow and room for another. Extremely comfortable. "Fantastic!" says Kevin with a purr. It's a 10.

Ability to Escape Pursuers: It has broken a side runnin' from Smokies. It is on the 10 Most Wanted with a white top - but Kevin has replaced the white top with a black one and now it's smooth like butter! 7

Off Road: None, except for low ditches in the front yard. 3

Trunk Space: It's absolutely huge. Five adults can fit in it lying down! Who's your daddy? 10

***New* History:** It used to be driven once a year in the Shriner's Parade. In the Parade it had a siren under the hood, could spray water out the right side, and it could let out a ton of smoke from the back. It has been through MBA twice (8 years) and has even been parked in the Evil Empire (Father Ryan) for four years. 10

Overall, I give it a 7, but then again, every car I review deserves a 10!



FACULTY CAR OF THE MONTH



Dr. Clark's Aspen

His favorite thing about the car

How the primer on the side mixes with the rest of the paint to form the MBA colors

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

Editor's Note: As many of you know, we at *The Bell Ringer* share space with *The Bell*, and so have access to many back issues of the yearbook. We recently dredged up a copy of the 1991 yearbook, and found this. We don't know who compiled this little treasure, but thanks to whoever did! And so we present...

The Lanier Dictionary

aaAah: an expression of elucidation when a student has made a significant discovery pertaining to a math problem

affirmative!: yes

ah, (student's name) doesn't get it: an expression indicating that further explanation of a concept is necessary

bloody: adjectival expletive expressing impatience or disgust at an absurd situation or a student's blunder

Bumper! or Bummer!: exclamation of disappointment made when an obstacle is found to the solution of a problem

compoot: solve a problem for a numerical answer

compooter: calculator

Crow's Nest: frequent roosting place for unruly students

curious: an expression used to describe an intriguing situation in a math problem

DILCUE!: Euclid backwards; hence anything that is illogical, nonsensical, or just plain dumb (applied to students and incorrect mathematical procedures alike)

dollah: dollar (most words normally ending in "-ah" or "-er" end in "-ah" in Lanierian; the plural form is also usually the same as the singular)

eighty-eleven: a very large number

gentlemen — and others!: address used to get the attention of a rowdy class

homeverk — soccer match: the assignment for days when there is a soccer game

it don't make no nevermind about the price of tea in China: it doesn't matter

krank!!!: to go through the process of solving a problem

la-dee-da, la-dee-da: the act or operation of canceling terms in an equation (sometimes accompanied by "cha-cha, cha-cha")

lovely: an expression indicating the agreeableness of the outcome of a problem or part thereof; an expression of mildly pleasant surprise

memory cells: (1) brain (2) memory or recall

negative: (1) no (2) incorrect

nerve gas oil treatment: corresponding sides of similar triangles are proportional (CS/STP)

nil: zero

no need!: this procedure is unnecessary

poppycock!: preposterous; m-m-m-balderdash!

punt!: to get rid of this problem, it is not conveniently doable

pushups?: the usual suggested remedy for laziness, sleepiness, or some other malady in class

proceeding: (1) be that as it may (2) OK, let's move on

reload?: will you please repeat your seemingly non-sensical statement? it does not compute

routine: the usual standard method for approaching a commonly occurring problem type

SIRE!?: (1) a form of address used to recognize one petitioning aid in class after raising his hand or wishing to contribute some sagacious material (2) a term used to ask a student to clarify his remarks (3) an address expressing some degree of surprise at an observation of a student

troops: a group of students; a class or team under Mr. Lanier's supervision

-type: a suffix indicating a kind of genre of people, objects, etc. (e.g. farmer-type)

well put: an expression showing praise for some sagacious remark on the part of a student

what does that have to do with the price of eggs?: what on earth? a term expressing the irrelevancy of some theorem or principle of math that is rather useless in a given situation (or the Chinese tea saying)

yabble: (1) yes (2) of course, certainly

zee vi covordinaht: the y-coordinate of an ordered pair of numbers

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Theatre Reviews

The Petrified Forest

by Matt Davis

Ah, the first production under the new order of Dr. Cal Fuller. Everyone must be curious about just how everything was done, as well as how well it was all done.

Right away, one notices that even the ticket and concession stand is set up differently than the past few years. The fundamentals remain unchanged: the same dates and times, the same reception in the Gibbs Room after opening night, the same handsome, witty, charming House Manager greeting you with a smile. But everything from the ticket prices to the seating arrangement has been altered. It seems that absolutely nothing remains from Bart Whiteman's reign, and an \$8.00 adult admission sure does seem a lot higher than before. Let's see if it was worth it.

When the theater doors were opened, actors were already on stage, going about their daily loves without acknowledging the clamor of the mob of spectators searching for a chair. Not a word was heard from them until somewhat shortly after

everyone was seated, resulting in a unique beginning that gave a little more realism to the characters. The first scene, irrelevant to the plot but important to the theme, introduces Court Clement as a very convincing grandfather, who probably plays this role better than anyone else could have, along with Sam O'Connell as a typical could-a-been jock, and Rush Davidson as a loud, patriotic, middle-aged father, a character which fit him rather well.

Soon entered Laura McAlister as the lovely Gabrielle Maple. Unlike many of the other actors, Laura did not even seem to be acting, a talent many spend years trying to perfect. However, one couldn't help noticing her lack of emotion at even the most dramatic moments in the play. She was no Bette Davis, but as high-school performers go, Laura was a fine choice as a Gabby.

Enter Alan

It seems that absolutely nothing remains from Bart Whiteman's reign...let's see if it was worth it.

Scuier. David Wilson pulled off a performance very much like the film's Scuier, with a clear, soft voice, and that certain suave, good-hearted, heroic quality about him. David was certainly, in my opinion, the best choice in all of MBA for squire.

In come the bandits. Chris Callister played Duke Matee very well displaying an element of savior-fare with his soft voice and smoke ranks to boot. Kevin Weldon came out with an excellent debut in the MBA theater, and Will Minkoff undoubtedly fit the part of a gangster.

The set of The Petrified Forest was the best I have ever seen at MBA. Revolving ceiling fans and various authentic 1930s paraphernalia, such as an old radio and cash register, made the setting very realistic, thanks do Mr. Pederson.

Overall, The Petrified Forest was not the best play I've ever experienced here, but I believe it demonstrated a lot of potential for the near future of the theater program, and look forward to the rest of the year's performances with great enthusiasm.

Enter Alan

With my \$5.00 Coke readily in hand, I attended a recent screening of the relatively new techno-thriller The Jackal and so many others, a (based on the 1973 novel) starring two of Hollywood's foremost stars, Bruce Willis and Richard Gere. Like most thrillers, this one adheres strictly to the tried and true formula of car chases and grisly confrontations despite a promising premise. The basic plotline begs for further development of drama on a more operatic scale, but evidently they opted to spend the majority of the screen time depicting Bruce Willis' masculine power-strut. Not that I despise Bruce Willis, but over the years his presence has become progressively less commanding as middle-age paunch has set on, painfully obtrusive in one shirtless scene. Gere, on the other hand, performs laudably, ideal in his role as a scruffy IRA terrorist condemned to life imprisonment for wartime atrocities. All gerbil stories aside, he is a superlative actor, showing versatility and exuding charm in this role with impeccable flair right down to a believable Irish accent. Few actors today can be attributed with the intensity and ferocity of emotion that he has dearly illustrated in Primal Fear and An Officer and a Gentleman. The

movie itself too often is a high-tech roller coaster bolted a bit too tightly to the track. In the vein of The Saint and so many others, a sinuous plot unfolds with the expected moves and deceptions leading, after a laborious two hours, to the explosive subway chase scene "yawn". The pure implausibility of this scene is so derivative that it undermines the whole movie, while the volatile chemistry of Gere and Willis is all ignored. The director exhibits a keen eye for action but The Jackal lacks a visceral punch that more successful thrillers achieve. They strove for the adrenal glands instead of presenting a sophisticated story which the novel actually was. I personally would have preferred to see more of the enmity and rivalry between Gere and Willis and perhaps a prolonged more creative climax. Another major plot fall is the cast of inane and stereotypical supporting characters who generally are abused and killed for laughs. I've noticed this as a growing trend and hope for the sake of society, it comes to a screaming halt. For all its sanguinary, pumped up, stylish violence, The Jackal fails to transcend its genre despite an intriguing pair of male leads and inflated budget.

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see William Shakespeare's

The Winter's Tale

February 26 — March 1 in MBA's Paschall Theatre

FOOTBALL SEASON ENDS

by Blake Bergeron

It started in the spring of this year. Countless hours of lifting, hitting, and drilling, all to become the greatest team in the state. It could be accomplished, though it would be tough.

Sacrificing almost the entire summer break, while most people were sleeping in late every day and relaxing on vacation, the dedicated group of about eighty guys on this year's varsity football team were working to accomplish one illustrious goal: the state championship. Competition would be stiff, playing in perhaps the hardest division in the state. They do not call it the "Super Seven" for nothing. Ten weeks and over a hundred practices later, the Big Red began their final ascent to their goal. Despite the tough schedule, the team completed the regular season with a winning record of eight and two. Things were looking good.

Everyone knew that the loss to Father Ryan was a fluke.

Next we avenged our earlier loss to M.U.S.: a great performance by the entire team. This victory boosted morale going into the state championship against the evil empire: Father Ryan. The Big Red had worked long and hard and had put themselves in position to achieve the elusive state championship. Everyone knew that the first loss to Father Ryan was a fluke. The Big Red had fumbled three times and played rather uncharacteristic football. This time it would be different.

Unfortunately, the gods were not smiling upon MBA that day. Despite a great game, with an incredible comeback by MBA in the second half, MBA came out of the Clinic Bowl with a runner-up trophy. MBA played a great season, and has a strong and hopeful team going into the next season.

MBA RIFLERY

by Andrew Thomison

The MBA rifle team opened up the season with some excellent shooting. In head-to-head matches, the eight-man team consists of juniors Andrew Esterday, Patten Fuqua, and Brandon Schecter along with sophomores Andrew Thomison and Andy Gaither, as well as freshmen Jared Lostetter, Clay Collier, and Brandon Gruber. These eight individuals have composed an undefeated record of 6-0. Under coach Leo Lujan, the team's hard work is paying off as both individual and team scores constantly improve. This year, shooters have consistently raised the standard of excellence, and consequentially have set the school record for a four-man team; Andrew Thomison, with others in hot pursuit, set the MBA record for a sixty-shot match earlier in the season.

The team practices year-round with German precision rifles three days a week in Frist Hall. A standard match is twenty shots in each of the three positions: prone, standing, and kneeling. After exams, shooters will begin

competing with .22 caliber smallbore rifles at the Vanderbilt range against Nashville rivals FRA, Harpeth Hall, and Lipscomb. Due to its rigorous year-round training, MBA has easily walked over these schools for the past few years, and looks to do the same in this year's upcoming state championship.

...the future is bright for the MBA rifle team.

In October, MBA hosted its annual Fall Classic, a weekend air rifle extravaganza in which twenty-two teams from many different states entered. Against fierce competition in the precision rifle category, the MBA rifle team was able to earn third place, a major improvement over last year. Individually, Andrew Thomison and Brandon Schecter made the finals. The team has also fared well in other tournaments, finishing third at Fern Creek in Kentucky and shocking some college teams by taking third place at Austin-Peay University. In fact, Coach Lujan had to look beyond Tennessee to find challenging competition. As a young team with no seniors this year, the future is bright for the MBA rifle team.

Swimming

by Preston Bottomly

"Swimmers take your mark." The row of nervous athletes carefully crouches down to await the signal. The horn squeaks, and the swimmers dive into the shallow water and gracefully swim to the other side and back until the race is complete. Meanwhile, underneath the water, much like ducks, the MBA athletes are exerting all their energy to finish the race as soon as possible. It's exciting to see a close finish, out of which MBA almost always prevails.

This year the team launches another season that promises many victories for the dedicated swimmers. We have successfully defeated Father Ryan already this year. With the help of our powerful NAC swimmers (those who

practice two and a half hours in the afternoon plus more time in the morning), we hope to win the region again and to place high in the state meet. A successful outcome looks promising, as we have been swimming extremely hard this winter, under the close supervision and scrutiny of coaches Rundberg and Seiters.

So why else should you come to a swim meet, other than to watch MBA leave its competition in the wake? Simple. Swimming women can hold their own against theatre and debate women any day. So come on out to the next meet and, as you're watching us swim past our opponents, judge for yourself.



The Never Ending Game

By J. R. Rudolph

The Big Red basketball team began the season on a brisk afternoon in early September. The team, as a whole, got off to a rocky start with such memorable quotes as: "I can't breathe" by Dan Banko and "can't we just play five on five instead of running sprints," by Omari Booker. As the pre-season grew on, the entire team began to unify under our silent, yet forceful, leader David Scooby. After a few scrimmages, the basketball team actually started to look like a solid unit. With the addition of the football players, this year's MBA Varsity and JV teams should do quite well as the season unfolds. In fact, no one has yet to run to a trash can which was commonplace in previous years during hard practice. With the help of the resurrected coach Ricky Bowers and the new assistant coach Jerry Meyer, this season could provide hope for the Big

Red, after disappointing seasons the last two years.

On December 2, MBA traveled to Martin Luther King High School to battle the 1995-1996 State Champions. Our JV team played very well, containing the Royals despite their very quick and elusive pint guard. The Big Red eventually beat the Royals' JV team by four points. On the Varsity end of things, MBA played an outstanding game, out hustling MLK defenders, slam dunking on them. Omari Booker played a very consistent game, giving many assists to Whit and going up for an open floor slam dunk himself. The Big Red left Martin Luther King High School having embarrassed their opponents in their own gym. This opening season win has increased everyone's confidence and provided evidence that a turnaround is under way.



PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

The Senior Class' Penny Drive will continue on through the second semester. At last count, the Freshman had a lead of about six dollars on the closely trailing Senior class. As for the other classes, there's still plenty of time to catch up. Every penny in your class' jug counts for you, but anything in there that ain't copper counts against your class. Half of the money collected will go to the winning class, and the other half will go to the Seniors toward the senior gift at the end of the year.

**SUPPORT YOUR FRIENDS!
SABOTAGE THE ENEMY!**

JUST KEEP THE PENNIES COMING.

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Seniors!

A later issue of *The Bell Ringer* will feature your Senior Wills. Turn your Last Will and Testament into one of the newspaper editors (see page 3) or email to ringer@montgomerybell.com by the end of the third quarter. At least *try* to keep them printable this year, but don't forget to be creative!

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